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OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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[PRICE 2d.]

Doncaster Gold Cup, for 1825.



Among the sports and pastimes of the people of England, there is not one so generally attractive, or in which so large a number of persons can participate at one time, as horse racing. From the Sovereign, who patronises horse races by his presence, and supports them by his bounty, to the humblest of his liege subjects, they are in general popular, and we therefore are, we presume, pretty sure of gratifying a considerable portion of our readers, in selecting for one of the embellishments of our present MIRROR, a correct representation of the splendid Gold Cup which was contended for at the Doncaster races which have just closed.

VOL. VI.

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This cup, which is one of the most massive and elegant prizes ever contended for on the turf, was given by the stewards of the Doncaster race meeting, the Marquis of Londonderry, and Sir John Vanden Bempde Johnstone, Bart. The cup was of the value of three hundred and fifty guineas, and while it evinced the taste and liberality of the spirited donors, it also reflected great credit on the ingenuity of Mr. Bright, of Doncaster, the silversmith, who has for many years furnished the gold cups at these races.

This magnificent vase (says the editor of the *Annals of Sporting*, in language somewhat obscure,) is of the low and wide

241

picturesque form, prevalent in the reign of Louis Quatorze; the ornaments are of the same Arabesque style: a horse of Araby, rampant and exceedingly spirited, forms the prominent object on either side, whilst from the stem rich acanthus and lotus foliage curls gracefully to their feet. A very free and beautiful scroll-work encircles the body of the vase, and a varied and projecting carving of leaves drops over the rim. The crest is formed of a basket, rich with fruits and flowers, a portion of which seems to drop naturally and gracefully on the cover. A fluted circular pedestal, richly ornamented by a frieze of scroll foliage issuing from the two ends, and which form the handles, supports the vase. The arms and names of the stewards are on each side, and are most distinctly and beautifully executed.

Doncaster races commenced on Monday the 19th of September; on the following day the great St. Leger's stakes was run for by thirty horses, and won by Mr. Watt's *Memnon*.

The Gold Cup, of which our engraving is a beautiful representation, was contended for on Wednesday the 21st of September, and excited intense interest. The cup was free for any horse; three years old, to carry 7 st.; four years, 8 st. 3 lbs.; five years, 8 st. 10 lbs.; six years old and aged, 9 st. The winner of the St. Leger to carry 3 lbs. extra if he started, but Mr. Watt selling *Memnon* for 3,500 guineas to the Earl of Darlington, with the condition that he should not run for the cup, he, of course, did not start. The distance was two miles and five furlongs. Nine horses started, but only three were named coming in in the following order:—

Mr. Whitaker's br. p., Lottery, by Trump, 5 yrs. - - - - 1
Mr. F. Craven's b. c., Longwaist, 4 yrs. 2
Mr. Lisle's gr. c., Falcon, 3 yrs. - 3

The other horses that ran were Cedric, Figaro, Zealot, Starch, Crowcatcher, and Mr. Duncombe's ch. f., by St. Helena. The odds at starting were 13 to 8 against Lottery, 2 to 1 against Cedric, 7 to 1 against Longwaist, and 10 to 1 against Figaro. At the word "go," Lottery went off leading, and at a quick pace, but very closely followed by Longwaist: the riding round by the Judge's stand was beautiful, and Sam Day getting, at the turn, his horse's head close upon the haunches of Lottery, the pace was now severe and the struggle to keep in good places not the easiest. All tried in their turn to reach the leader, but George Nelson knew that if his horse was headed or collared, he would probably shut himself up and drop good running at the press, and he, there-

fore, kept on at a killing rate over every inch of the ground. Chiffney, upon Figaro, made his run at the Red-House, but, though his horse was fast, (*he says, as fast as the first and second,*) his journeyings had leg-wearied him, and he could not sustain his speed. At the distance Longwaist actually ran up, and headed Lottery, the others were by this time dead beat, and Nelson was compelled to use whip and spur with no moderate degree of infliction; fortunately for him and Mr. Whitaker, the horse answered, and he won by half a neck,—two or three lengths more and the result might have been different. This was decidedly the finest race of the meeting.

In our next MIRROR we shall give an historical account of horse-racing, ancient and modern.

THE WEDDING-RING AND THE RING FINGER.

THERE are few objects amongst the productions of art contemplated with such lively interest by ladies after a certain age, as the simple and unadorned annular implement of Hymen yclept the wedding-ring; this has been a theme for poets of every calibre; for gentlemen of every wing, from the dabbling duceling to the solar eagle. The mouldy antiquary can tell the origin of the custom with which it is connected, and perchance why a ring is round, and account for many circumstances concerning the ceremony of the circlet, on the most conclusive evidence amounting to absolute conjectural demonstration; amidst all that has been said and written in reference to the ring, I believe the more lovely part engaged in the mystic matter, the taper residence of this ornament has been neglected; now this is rather curious, as there are facts belonging to the ring finger which render it in a peculiar manner an appropriate emblem of the matrimonial union; it is the only finger where two principal nerves belong to two distinct trunks; the thumb is supplied with its principal nerves from the radial nerve, as is also the fore-finger, the middle finger, and the thumb side of the ring finger, whilst the ulnar nerve furnishes the little finger and the other side of the ring finger, at the point or extremity of which a real union takes place; it seems as if it were intended by nature to be the matrimonial finger.

That the side of the ring finger next the little finger is supplied by the ulnar nerve is frequently proved by a common accident,—that of striking the elbow against the edge of a chair, a door, or any narrow hard substance; the ulnar nerve

is then frequently struck and a thrilling sensation is felt in the little finger, and on the same side of the ring finger, but not on the other side of it.

ANATOMICUS JUNIOR.

YORK MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Concluded from page 231.)

THIRD DAY.

Thursday, Sept. 15.

THE disappointment sustained by many persons yesterday seemed to have had its influence upon those desirous of witnessing this sublime music which palls not the appetite, but seems to "make the meat it feeds upon." The Cathedral was more crowded than ever; and hundreds, who would willingly have been present, were obliged to submit to a disappointment, not a ticket being procurable.

The First Part opened with the first and last movements of the Overture in "Saul," which was succeeded by a selection from "Judas Maccabæus," commencing with the chorus, "Mourn, ye afflicted." Then followed—

Duet—Miss Goodall and Miss Travis, "From this dread scene."

Recit. and Song—Mr. Braham, "Sound an alarm."

Chorus—"We hear, we hear."

Song—Miss Goodall, "Come ever smiling liberty."

Recit.—Mr. Sapio, "So will'd my Father."

Trio and Chorus—"Disdainful of Danger." Messrs. Knivett, Terrail, Vaughan, Sapio, Phillips, and Bellamy.

Song—Miss Wilkinson, "Father of Heaven."

Chorus—"Fall'n is the Foe."

Recit. and Song—Mr. Phillips, "The Lord worketh wonders."

Song—Miss Stephens, "Wise men flattering."

Duet and Chorus—Miss Travis and Miss Farrar, "Sion now."

Recit. and Song—Madame Caradori, "So shall the lute."

Song—Mr. Bellamy, "Rejoice, O Judah."—Chorus, "Hallelujah."

The words which close the first chorus, "Your father, friend, and hero, is no more," was given with an effect peculiarly touching. Miss Goodall and Miss Travis sang "From this dread scene," in which their voices were blended in the sweetest and most touching tones. We had, indeed, a rich treat in the performance of "Sound an alarm," by Mr. Braham, whose soft but effective opening of the song was followed up with

a spirited and brilliant execution hardly to be equalled, particularly in the fine expression he gave to the words, "and call the brave, the only brave around." This call was well answered in the following chorus, "We hear," which was very spiritedly performed, and the piano part "If to fall; for laws, religion, liberty, we fall," was managed with the most judicious effect. Miss Goodall gave the song "Come, ever smiling Liberty," in a very pleasing manner, throwing into its execution a chaste but becoming spirit. The recitative by Mr. Sapio, "So will'd my father," was rich in its expression. The trio and its chorus "Disdainful of danger," opened by Messrs. Knivett, Terrail, Vaughan, Sapio, and Bellamy, seemed like the leading of the generals to the attack, and the roaring voices and instruments which followed as the advance of the victorious force, whose triumph was sweetly carolled forth in the delightful air, sung by Miss Wilkinson, "Father of Heaven," &c. Mr. Phillips executed the air "The Lord worketh wonders," with much effect. Miss Stephens next delighted us with the air "Wise men flattering may deceive you," which was given in a very chaste manner, and the flute in the accompaniment finely blending with the voice added greatly to its pleasing effect. Madame Caradori warbled the air "So shall the lute and harp awake," in her sweetly dulcet notes, which she swelled out with much spirit at the closing cadence. The grand chorus "O Judah rejoice," closed this part, awakening every feeling in its loud and re-echoing Hallelujahs.

The whole of the pieces were admirably performed; and the song of "Wise men flattering," would induce us to think that Handel was by no means so insensible to the uses of, and beautiful effects to be produced by wind instruments, as he is represented to have been. The flutes, hautboys, and bassoon obligato were beautifully expressive in the responses which they made to each other, and to the voice in this beautiful melody.

The Second Part was from the opening of Haydn's *Creation*, and included the following:—

Overture, Chaos.

Recit.—Mr. Phillips, "In the beginning."

Chorus—"And the spirit."

Recit. and Song—Mr. Vaughan, "Now vanish."

Chorus—"Despairing."

Recit. and Air—Mr. Phillips, "The dreadful tempest."

Air and Chorus—Miss Travis, "The glorious hierarchy."

Recit. and Song—Mr. Bellamy, "Rolling in foaming billows."

Recit. and Song—Madame Caradori, "With verdure clad."

Recit.—Mr. Sapiro, "And the heavenly host."

Chorus—"Awake the harp."

Recit. and Air—Mr. Braham, "In splendour bright."

Chorus—"The heavens are telling."

This most celebrated of all Haydn's works, was commenced by him in 1755, when he was about 63 years old. It was finished in 1758; and brought out at Vienna the same year. It was published in score in England, in 1800, when it was performed at Worcester.

It opens with an overture representing chaos; one of the most singular compositions perhaps upon record. The ear is struck by an incongruity of sounds, which in horrid discord strike harshly on the sense. Many images are suggested—but nothing is completed: and if it is possible for music to impart sense to sound, we thing no bad notion of those ideas which impress our imagination, when we endeavour to picture to ourselves

"Chaos and the world unborn,"

is conveyed by this celebrated overture. Still the idea is fanciful and wild; and many persons might hear it without recognizing chaos in the composition, unless they had received a previous intimation. So thinks Haydn's biographer. The overture was performed in a style of surpassing excellence, exceeding, we think, anything we ever before heard.

The opening of Haydn's "*Creation*" commenced the Second Part. The recitative "*In the beginning*," was given by Mr. Phillips with majestic expression, but it was in the chorus "*And the Spirit of God*," that the powerful effect of this fine composition was principally manifested.—The divine command "*Let there be light*," pronounced in the sweetest tones of the semi-chorus, leaves the hearers as it were totally unguarded as to the stupendous effect, the description of which is continued in still softer strain, the words "*and there was*" being sung by the principal performer only, the whole force of drums, trombones, trumpets, basses, and the hundreds of instruments and voices bursting at once in the expression of "*LIGHT*." The effect was overpowering in the extreme and the sudden start of the audience owned its electric influence. The sweet recitative which precedes the song "*Now vanish before holy beams*," "*And God saw the light*," was finely performed by Mr. Vaughan; the chorus "*Despairing*," &c. completing

this dramatic representation of the world's emerging from Chaos, with the most sublime close. The accompanied recitative by Mr. Phillips "*The dreadful tempest now is roused*," was rich in beauty and magnificence, and the "awful thunder," the "reviving rain," the "wasteful hail," and the "flaky snow," seemed in imagination to descend from the storehouse of heaven. Miss Travis was heard with much power and effect in the air "*The glorious hierarchy of heaven*," and Mr. Bellamy's air "*Rolling in foaming billows*," again brought before us the grand and the majestic in the birth of nature. Madame Caradori continued the pleasing description, in the air, "*With verdure clad*," and the sweet tones of her mellifluous notes seemed to claim affinity with the vernal beauties which formed the subject of her song. The chorus "*Awake the harp, the lyre awake*," follows most appropriately. Mr. Braham again came forward in the accompanied recitative "*In splendour bright*," which he commenced with a brilliancy of execution adapted to the nature of the subject. His peculiar emphatic expression of the words "*the sun emerging darts his glorious rays*," was extremely grand, and the chastened tone of the words "*With softer beams*" well expressed the retiring of "*the greater light*," and the silver beaming of the gentle moon. The grand chorus "*The Heavens are telling*," with the fine trio "*Day unto day*," charmingly sung by Miss Goodall, Mr. Sapiro, and Mr. Phillips, ended the Second Part.

The Third Part was a selection from the second and third Parts of the "*Creation*," and contained the chief beauties of those parts of the Oratorio, including—Recit. and Air—Miss Goodall, "On mighty plumes."

Trio—Miss Goodall, Messrs. Sapiro and Bellamy, "How beautiful."

Chorus—"Jehovah reigns." (*Solos doubled.*)

Song—Mr. Phillips, "Heaven now in fullest."

Recit. and Air—Mr. Braham, "In native grace."

Hymn (Doubled)—"By thee with bliss."

Chorus—"For ever blessed."

Duet—Miss Stephens and Mr. Bellamy, "Gentle Consort."

Chorus—"Accomplished is the glorious work."

The most striking beauties were the air "*On mighty plumes*," sung by Miss Goodall; the air "*Heaven now in fullest splendour*," by Mr. Phillips; and the air by Mr. Braham "*In native grace*," which with its peculiar sweetness formed a fine contrast to the more sublime and martial themes

in which he had before engaged at the morning performances. Miss Stephens and Mr. Bellamy sang the duet between Adam and Eve, beginning *Gentle consort thee possessing*, with that tender expression suited to the composition; and the chorus *Accomplished is the glorious work*, ended the third day's performance.

FOURTH DAY.

Friday, September 16.

If possible, an increased eagerness was manifested to be present at this last of the series of grand sacred performances. The doors were again besieged at an early hour, and as the time of the commencement arrived, all the wonted pressure was felt by their early occupants.

The selection for this day was replete with all the variety and sublimity the "heaven born science" can furnish. The first part consisted of the

First and fourth movements of the "Dettingen Te Deum." Handel.

Song—Miss Travis, "What tho' I trace." (Solomon) Do.

Chorus—"Let none despair." . . . Do.

Song—Mr. Phillips, "Tears such as tender fathers shed."—(Deborah) Do.

Dead March—(Saul.) Do.

| | | |
|--|---------------------|-------|
| Quartet—Miss Goodall | } (Funeral Anthem.) | } Do. |
| Miss Travis, Messrs. | | |
| Knyvett, Terrail, | | |
| Vaughan, Sapio, | | |
| Phillips, and Bellamy, "When the ear heard him." | | |

Chorus—"He delivered the poor."

Song—Miss Stephens, "Praise the Lord," (Esther.) Do.

Grand Chant—*Venite exultemus* and *Jubilate Deo* . . . P. Humphreys.

Recit. and Song—Mr. Vaughan, "Gentle airs," (Athalie) Handel.

St. Mathew's Tune, as arranged for the Ancient Concert by Mr. Greatorex—Miss Travis, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, and Bellamy Dr. Croft.

Motett—"The arm of the Lord," (introduced in the Oratorio of Judah, by W. Gardiner.) Haydn.

Recit. and Air—Miss Stephens, "As from the power." } Handel.

Chorus—"The dead shall live." (Dryden's Ode.) }

The piercing notes of the trumpet in the seraphic ascription to the "Holy Lord God of Sabaoth," was overpoweringly grand. This chorus was followed by the song *What tho' I trace*, by Miss Travis. The air by Mr. Phillips, *Tears such as tender fathers shed*, was given with great feeling, and the succeeding

celebrated *Dead March, in Saul*, formed a solemn prelude to the fine funeral anthem, composed by Handel, on the death of queen Caroline, the consort of George II. the quartet, *When the ear heard*, &c. was finely performed. The chorus was admirable, and the *canto* and *alto* voices came in with fine effect, between the full harmony of its louder parts. Handel's song from *Esther*, *Praise the Lord with cheerful voice*, was sung by Miss Stephens, and accompanied on the harp by Mr. Bochsa. This was a charming performance, and displayed Miss S.'s vocal talents to greater advantage than any of her previous songs had done. The accompaniment was a brilliant exhibition of Mr. Bochsa's execution on his favourite and elegant instrument. The grand chants, *Venite exultemus* and *Jubilate Deo*, by P. Humphreys, afforded a grand specimen of the beauties of this species of church music, when performed by so stupendous a choir. The next treat was the singing of *Gentle airs, melodious strains*, by Mr. Vaughan, with an imitable accompaniment on the violoncello, by Mr. Lindley, which was followed by the 10th Psalm (O. V.) sung to St. Mathew's tune, and had a very good effect. The motet, *The arm of the Lord*, introduced into the Oratorio of Judah, by W. Gardiner, Esq. was replete with overpowering sound and sweet harmony. As from the power of sacred lays, afforded Miss Stephens another opportunity of displaying the richness of her voice, and the trumpet, introduced in the accompaniment, was heard with superior effect. The chorus, *The dead shall live*, closed the First Part in a most impressive style.

The Second Part consisted of—Fourth Concerto (Oboe) . . . Handel.

Luther's Hymn—Mr. Braham - M. Luther.

Chorus—"He gave them hailstones"

Chorus—"He sent a thick darkness"

Chorus—"He smote all the first-born"

Chorus—"But as for his people"

Song—Mademoiselle Garcia, "Gratias agimus" Guglielmi.

Chorus—"He rebuked the Red Sea," (Israel in Egypt) Handel.

Duet—Messrs. Bellamy and Phillips, "The Lord is a man of war" (Ditto) Handel.

Song—Miss Wilkinson, "Lord to thee" (Theodora) Handel.

Recit. Solos, and Double Chorus—Miss Stephens and Mr. Braham, "The Lord shall reign" (Israel in Egypt) Handel.

Luther's Hymn (in which Madame Catalani shone so pre-eminently last Festival), lost none of its interest in the hands of our celebrated English vocalist; and the attenuation of sound, from the trumpet of Mr. Harper, is we suppose, as near perfection as it is possible for humanity to go. Mr. Braham's expression of the words "the graves restore" in the softest Piano, and the closing words "Prepare my soul to meet him," which he swelled out with a power that penetrated and shook the mighty temple, thrilled through the soul with the most awful sensations. The grand chorus "*He gave them hailstones for rain*" was sublime in the extreme. The opening symphony increased upon the ear like the drops that fall precursive to the storm, the tremendous force of which was shortly poured forth with overwhelming fury. The trumpet in the part "fire mingled with the hail ran along the ground," was astonishingly expressive of that awful visitation, and the subsequent parts of this chorus was equally well performed. The Bravura "*Gratias agimus tibi*" was brilliantly sung by Mdlle. Garcia, accompanied by Mr. Willman on the clarionet. This was followed by another magnificent chorus from "*Israel in Egypt*,"—"He rebuked the Red Sea," in which the rolling drums, and the murmuring bass seemed like the foaming of the angry billows, whilst the voices in their close enunciation, not unaptly expressed the steady march of the Israelites between the walls of waters. "*The Lord is a man of war*," was finely sung by Mr. Bellamy and Mr. Phillips. A pleasing song by Miss Wilkinson, from Handel's "*Theodora*"—"Lord to thee each night and day," intervened between the above duet and the grand double chorus of "*The horse and his rider*," which ended the Second Part.

The Third Part included—

Recit. March, Air, and Chorus—Mr. Sappio, "Glory to God" (*Joshua*)—

Handel.

Recit. Accompanied, Mr. Braham "Deeper and deeper still" (*Jephthah*) . . . Handel.

Song—"Waft her angels" (ditto) - ditto.

Chorus—"O God, who in thy heavenly hand (*Joseph*) Handel.

Duet—Miss Goodall and Miss Wilkinson, "Te ergo quæsumus" Graun.

Hymn in D—"Glory praise" . . . Mozart.

Song—Mr. Bellamy, "The Seasons"—Callcott.

Chorus—"Rex Tremende"

Quartet—Mademoiselle Garcia, Madame Caradori, Miss Wilkinson, Messrs. Knyvett, Vaughan, Sappio, Phillips, and Bellamy, "Benedictus" (*Requiem*)

Mozart.

Song—Madame Caradori, "Holy, Holy," (*Redemption*) Handel.
Coronation Anthem—"Zadok the Priest"—Handel.

The recitative and air were given with great spirit by Mr. Sappio, and the chorus well performed by the band. "*O magnify the Lord*,"—Handel, was introduced by Miss Travia, by particular request, and gave much gratification by the pleasing style in which it was sung. That fine recitative "*Deeper and deeper still*," was given by Mr. Braham, with a feeling and a pathos of which no description can convey an idea; the expression of the words "a thousand pangs that lash me into madness," was an inimitable effort. The air "*Waft her angels*" was delightfully sung. The duet "*Te ergo quæsumus*," was sung most charmingly. "*Angels ever bright and fair*," was sung by Miss Stephens in a manner the most delightful and affecting. A Hymn by Mozart, had a very good effect. "*These as they change*," by Mr. Bellamy, was fine in its execution. The sweet song "*Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty*," was sung in the most simply pious strain by Madame Caradori, who, if she does not always exhibit intensity of feeling, never offends in the smallest degree by imperfect intonation.

The day's performance, and the Festival concluded, very appropriately, with the "Coronation Anthem;" and at its commencement, by command of the Dean, the West doors were thrown open, and the crowd assembled without were admitted to hear that sublime composition, and to join with their hearts, if not with their voices, in the choral shout of "*God save the King—Long live the King—May the King live for ever!*"

The Festival has been altogether the greatest musical gratification which has been experienced in England since the Commemoration of Handel, of which we gave an account in No. CLXI. of the MIRROR. The superiority of Handel as an oratorio writer, was strongly proved at this Festival, which was attended by all the rank and fashion not only of Yorkshire, but of the neighbouring counties, as well as numerous visitors from the Metropolis, and not a few from the Continent.

Three concerts were given on the evenings of Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, which were well attended; and the vocal and instrumental performances were of the highest order. The receipts at the Festival in 1823 amounted to 16,174*l.* and the expenditure was 8,800*l.*; the receipts of 1825, 20,550*l.*, expenditure 18,000*l.*

The band cost more than the one in 1823, by 2,500*l*. This of course is included in the latter sum; and it also includes 6,000*l*. expended in the site and erection of the New Music Hall. It, however, should be understood, that there are two distinct funds—one formed by the receipts at the Rooms—the other by those at the Minster. The Music Hall was to be paid for out of the former—but the receipts there being deficient for the purpose, and the Hall having been devoted for ever to the public charities, it is more than probable that the two funds will be joined in one, for the purpose of liquidating the debt.

The following is a correct statement of the number of tickets issued for the various performances, during the Festival of 1825:—

MORNING PERFORMANCES.

| Tickets, at | Tues. | Wed. | Thurs. | Frid. |
|-------------------|-------|-------|--------|-------|
| One guinea | 1,153 | 1,307 | 1,449 | 1,199 |
| Fifteen shillings | 1,614 | 2,500 | 2,599 | 2,372 |
| Seven shillings | 604 | 1,990 | 1,900 | 1,509 |
| Five shillings | 18 | 39 | 154 | 27 |
| | 3,389 | 5,736 | 6,102 | 5,107 |

CONCERTS.

| | |
|-------------------|-------|
| Tuesday's Concert | 1,179 |
| Wednesday's ditto | 1,894 |
| Thursday's ditto | 1,363 |

HALLS.

| | |
|---|-------|
| Monday's Hall, at seven shillings | 734 |
| Friday's (Fancy) Hall, at fifteen shillings | 2,363 |

Numbers present in 1823:

| | |
|-------------|-------|
| Cathedral. | |
| 1st Morning | 3,050 |
| 2nd ditto | 4,685 |
| 3rd ditto | 4,840 |
| 4th ditto | 4,145 |
| 1st Concert | 1,355 |
| 2nd ditto | 1,525 |
| 1st Ball | 1,450 |
| 2nd ditto | 930 |

THE MARRIED STATE.

A SONG.

(For the Mirror.)

[The following Song is copied from a manuscript in the British Museum. Whether it has appeared in print before, or not, the gentleman who sends it cannot say. It is certainly very old.]

Married Tommy's married;

Pray what says St. Paul?

He's not mistaken,

Marry not at all.

Tol de rol de rol de,

Tol de rol de rol de.

If I take a wife,

Whose'er she be,

Tho' she be an angel,

Still she's wife to me.

If she brings me money,

Will it be forgot;

If she brings me nothing,

Can we boil the pot?

If she is a beauty,

Then the Spaniards say

She'll be ever gadding;—

Very like she may.

If she is a wit,

The Lord have mercy then;

For if her tongue is silent,

She'll employ her pen.

If she's weak and silly,

She'll disgrace my name;

If I choose the folly,

I must bear the blame.

But if in domestic,

Madness is no fool,

All the night I'm lectured,

All day long at school.

Thus, Sir, I have run thro'

All the married state;

When I am more knowing,

I'll communicate.

Tol de rol de rol de,

Tol de rol de rol de.

A POETICAL EPISTLE.

Sent to a Widow of the name of Britton, who carried on the business of Boot-making, after the death of her husband.

(For the Mirror.)

ONE would think that I lived as far off as Thames Ditton,

As you don't send the lad with my boots, Mrs.

Britton;

Those you sent me before, I in no way could get on,

And he promised to bring me some more—Mrs. Britton;

'Tis a subject not worthy to exercise wit on,

But I don't understand this neglect—Mrs. Britton;

Of boots or of shoes I have scarcely a bit on,

So prythee, be speedy, my good Mrs. Britton;

This plan is the best that, I trust, I could hit on,

To get what I ordered from you—Mrs. Britton;

Pray send him to-morrow, with others to sit on,

Then I'll say, none so punctual as you—Mrs. Britton;

But if you omit it, I'll say I hear in on

Such a negligent *solo* as you are—Mrs. Britton.

Leather Lane.

BARNABY BARNFORD.

A BLIND WATCHMAKER.

(For the Mirror.)

It has often been recorded that persons deprived of that most inestimable blessing, eye-sight, have, by dint of perseverance and by possessing other faculties to a greater degree of perfection than usual, been enabled to read, write, draw, play cards, &c. and have produced many specimens of their knowledge of the Mechanical and Fine Arts, that would

have reflected honour on any artist. Instances of this kind seldom occur, but when it does, it shows the benevolence of our Creator, who in depriving us of one faculty, bestows the others in greater abundance. We have been led to these remarks by witnessing a few years since, at Barnstable, a sign over a door, denoting that clocks, watches, &c. were repaired by Wm. Huntley, a blind man. On making inquiry, we were informed that this man was born blind, or at least that he has no recollection of ever seeing. He was bred by his father, who was a watch and clock maker, to that business, which he now follows, and has plenty of employment, being considered by the inhabitants very superior in his profession; he repairs musical clocks and watches, and seldom meets with any difficulty in repairing the most complicated. It often occurs that in cases where others have failed in completely repairing a watch or clock, this man has discovered the defect.

EPITAPH

(Copied from a stone in the church-yard of East Grinstead, in Sussex.)

In memory of Russell Hall
And Mary his wife.

He died March 25, 1816,

Aged 79 years.

She died August 22, 1809,

Aged 58 years.

The ritual stone thy children lay
O'er thy respected dust,

Only proclaims the mournful day
When we our parents lost.

To copy thee in life we'll strive,

And when we that resign

May some good-natured friend survive

To lay our bones by thine.

INDOLENCE REBUKED.

A CURE of Souls, in one of the parishes of the county of Somerset, failing to be closely attended by its spiritual shepherd, as was his duty, one Sunday morning a gentleman rode up to the church-door, and not finding it open, as he appeared to expect, inquired for the clerk or sexton, to whom he put the question, whether there would be any service that morning? "Why, non, Zur," said John, "I don't think there wool; we mus'n't expect measter here to-day!" "Well, never mind him," said the inquirer, "go and ring the bell; I am come to do this day's service." John's dutiful instinct being sufficiently alive to the command, without the ceremony of first learning the name and quality of his director,

the novel sounds were gladly heard, and the people flocked to the "village spire which points to Heaven." The stranger proceeded with the service, and delivered a discourse that fully convinced his admiring hearers there was no lack of reverend qualification for his office. Upon the eve of his departure, the preacher left a record in the vestry-book; under the proper date, to this effect:—"Divine service was performed here this day, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells."

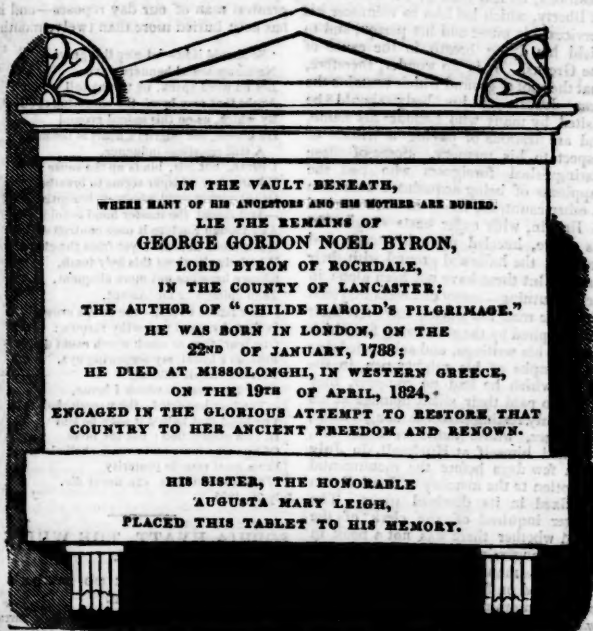
AWKWARD EXECUTIONS.

SOME of the daily newspapers have got up a very strange story about a man who was hanged at Bari, in Naples, recovered under the hands of a surgeon—found himself stark naked—demanded his clothes from the hangman, and on the very official refusal of that functionary to deliver up his perquisites, drew a knife and slew, or almost slew Jack Ketch; for which he is to be hanged again. There is a degree of verisimilitude about this story, which is quite refreshing. We can only approach it in our history. When Major General Harrison was hanged for being one of the Judges of Charles I., the rope broke, and the undaunted regicide, previous to being tied up again, struck the hangman a sound box on the ear for his negligence in tying him up. A more wonderful but less tragical and notorious similarity took place in Cork, where a tailor was hanged, but revived under the hands of Glover, a player at that time performing in Cork. The first use the incorrigible tailor made of his revivification was to get dead drunk, in which state he went to the theatre where Glover performed that evening, and thanked him in presence of the astonished audience, from the gallery, for his kind exertions. Braintree, the ex-silversmith and Horace Walpole, of Fleet-street, also deposes to this fact, which he had from the lips of Glover, a competitor of his in days long syne.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

BEAU BRUMMELL, in the zenith of his reign, was one day accosted by a notorious garnisher, with "Do you go to Mrs. Boehm's masquerade to-night, Brummell?"—"Yes, certainly," was the reply. "Good! and pray do you go in disguise, or as a gentleman?"—Soured, but not moved from his natural coolness, by such a question, Brummell replied, "I think of going as Apollo, and, if so, shall take you as my lyre!"—(Quere, liar?)

Tablet to the Memory of Lord Byron.



UNWILLING to detain from our readers anything which relates to that noble bard, whose fame will be coeval with the permanence of the English language, we inserted, in No. CLVIII. of the MIRROR, the inscription on a Grecian tablet of white marble, erected in August last, to the memory of Lord Byron, in the chapel of Hucknall church, without waiting until we could give an engraving of this simple tribute to the greatest poet of his age. We have since procured a very correct drawing of the tablet, and lose no time in presenting our readers with an engraving from it.

A person of Lord Byron's genius needs not the aid of marble to perpetuate his fame or memory, for though

"Some when they die, die all; their mouldering clay

Is but an emblem of their memories."

Yet Byron has left

"A mark behind,
Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
And give it whole to late posterity."

We fear, however, respect for the illustrious dead is not a virtue that increases in this country. The first of modern dramatists, Sheridan, slumbers in Westminster Abbey, with no record of his fame save a plain stone which covers his remains. Charles Dibdin, who deserved a national monument for his patriotic sea songs, which not only manned our navy with volunteers, but won our battles, remains without a single memorial; and a plain tablet, with an inscription niggardly of praise, is all that is given to Byron. On this subject, and the respect in which the memory of this great poet is held, we cannot do better than conclude with the following interesting article from the *Nottingham Review*:—

LORD BYRON.

The name of Byron is immortalized by the splendour of his genius and the transcendent beauty of his poetical compositions, no less than by his ardent love of liberty, which led him to volunteer his services, his purse and his person, and to yield his dying breath in the cause of the Greeks. It is no wonder, therefore, that the spot of ground which contains the dear deposit of his body should be visited by many who honour his name, and are desirous of paying a tribute of respect to his memory. Some of those distinguished foreigners who had the happiness of being acquainted with him in other countries, have, on their arrival in Britain, with eager haste sought for his grave, kneeled upon his tomb, and bedewed the hallowed ground with their tears. But these have not been alone in their mourning—many of his countrymen who have read his works, have felt their souls inspired by the ever-living fire which pervades his writings, and acknowledging the triumphs of his mighty pen, in the use of which he had no compeer, they have also paid their silent homage at his last earthly resting place. Amongst these, a stranger, whose name we know not, presented himself at Hucknall, in July last, a few days before the monumental inscription to the memory of Lord Byron was fixed in its destined place. The stranger inquired of the clerk of the church whether there was not a book in which strangers who visited the tomb of this great man might inscribe their names? and on finding there was no such record, he promised to send one, and in a few days afterwards that promise was fulfilled. The clerk of the parish has been so obliging as to show us the book: it is a small octavo, very neatly bound, and in the first three pages is an inscription and a few stanzas, which we have copied below. There are many blank pages to receive the names of visitors, and there are some very respectable names, both of Englishmen and foreigners already inscribed; but the stranger who furnished the book has not given his name, neither have we any key to it further than the initials 'J.B.'

TO THE IMMORTAL & ILLUSTRIOUS
FAME OF
LORD BYRON,
THE FIRST POET OF THE AGE
IN WHICH HE LIVED,
THESE TRIBUTES,
WEAK AND UNWORTHY OF HIM,
BUT IN THEMSELVES SINCERE,
ARE INSCRIBED
WITH THE DEEPEST REVERENCE.

July, 1825.

' At this period no monument, not even so simple a slab as records the death of the humblest villager in the neighbourhood, had been erected, to mark the spot in which all that is mortal of the greatest man of our day reposes—and he has been buried more than twelve months.

' So should it be—let o'er this grave
No monumental banners wave;
Let no word speak, no trophy tell
Aught that may break the charming spell,
By which, as on this sacred ground
He kneels, the pilgrim's heart is bound.
A still resistless influence,
Unseen, but felt, binds up the sense;
While every whisper seems to breathe
Of th' mighty dead who rests beneath.
—And though the master hand is cold,
And though the lyre it once contriv'd
Rests mute in death; yet from the gloom
Which dwells about this holy tomb,
Silence breathes out more eloquent,
Than epitaph or monument.

One laurel wreath—the poet's crown
Is here, by hand unworthy thrown:
One tear, that so much worth could die,
Falls, as I kneel, my sorrowing eye.
This the simple offering
(Poor but earnest) which I bring,
—The tear has dried—the wreath shall fade,
The hand that twin'd it soon be laid
In cold obstruction; but the fame
Of him who tears and wreath shall claim
From most remote posterity
While Britain lives, can never die.

July 26, 1825.

J.B.

SOPHIA HYATT, THE WHITE LADY.

SINGULAR TRIBUTE TO BYRON'S MEMORY.

[The following interesting but melancholy narrative is copied from the Nottingham Review, a provincial journal of very superior merit, which, while it omits none of the useful details of a country newspaper, is not inattentive to the progress of literature and the arts.—*The Mirror*.]

In our last we recorded the melancholy death of Sophia Hyatt, who was, in consequence of her extreme deafness, run over by a carrier's cart, at the entrance of the Maypole Inn-yard, on the 28th of September, and unfortunately killed. At that time we stated that she had come that morning in a gig from Newstead, Papplewick, or somewhere in that neighbourhood, and we again advert to the lamentable occurrence, because some very singular and mysterious circumstances are connected with the melancholy accident.

The unfortunate deceased Sophia Hyatt had been, for the last three or four years, a lodger in one of the farm-houses belonging to Colonel Wildman, at Newstead Abbey. No one knew exactly from

whence she came, nor what were her connexions. Her days were passed in rambling about the gardens and grounds of the Abbey, to which from the kindness of Colonel Wildman, she had free access; her dress was invariably the same; and she was distinguished by the servants at Newstead as the "White Lady." She had ingratiated herself with the Newfoundland dog which came from Greece with the body of Lord Byron, by regularly feeding him; and on the evening before the fatal accident which terminated her existence, she was seen, on quitting the gardens, to cut off a small lock of the dog's hair, which she carefully placed in her handkerchief. On that same evening also, she delivered to Mrs. Wildman a sealed packet, with a request that it might not be opened till the following morning. The contents of the packet were no less interesting than surprising; they consisted of various poems in manuscript, written during her solitary walks, and all of them referring to the mighty bard to whom Newstead once belonged, and whose fame is imperishable. A letter, addressed to Mrs. Wildman, was enclosed with the poetry, written with much elegance of language and native feeling; it described her friendless situation, alluded to her pecuniary difficulties, thanked the family for their kind attention towards her, and stated the necessity she was under of removing for a short period from Newstead. It appeared from her statement that she had connexions in America, that her brother had died there, leaving a widow and family; and she requested Colonel W.'s assistance to arrange certain matters, in which she was materially concerned. She concluded with declaring, that her only happiness in this world consisted in the privilege of being allowed to wander through the domain of Newstead, and to trace the various spots which had been consecrated by the genius of Lord Byron. A most kind and compassionate note was conveyed to her immediately after the perusal of this letter, urging her, either to give up her journey, or to return to Newstead as quickly as possible. With the melancholy sequel our readers have been made acquainted; and it now only remains to say, that Colonel Wildman took upon himself the care of her interment, and that she has been buried in the churchyard of Hucknall, as near as possible to the vault which contains the body of Lord Byron. We have been favoured with a sight of the last poem she composed; and the public will perhaps feel gratified by its insertion. It seems to have been dictated by a melancholy foreboding of what was so shortly to take place:—

MY LAST WALK

IN THE GARDENS OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Here no longer shall I wander
Lone, but in communion high,
Kindred spirits greet me—yonder
Gleams the form that's ever nigh.

Rapt in blissful contemplation,
From that hill no more I gaze
On scenes as fair as when creation
Rose,—the theme of Scraph's lays.

And thou, fair sylph, that round its base
Driv'st thy car with milk-white steed;
Oft I've watch'd its gentle paces,—
Mark'd its track with curious heed.

Why? oh! why thus interesting
Are forms and sounds to me unknown?
Oh, you, the muse's power confessing,
Define the charm your bosoms own.

Why love to gaze on playful fountain,
Or lake that bore him on his breast?
Lonely to wander o'er each mountain,
Grove, or plain his feet have press'd?

It is, because the muse's power,
And all around a hale abode—
And still must every fond adorer
Worship the shrine, the idol dead.

But 'tis past; and now for ever
Fancy's vision's hills is o'er;
But to forget thee, Newstead,—never,
Though I should haunt thy shades no more.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

SPATOLINO, THE ASSASSIN.

SPATOLINO had been an assassin for eighteen years, and had, in that time, committed the most atrocious crimes in Italy. About the year 1807, the French government, finding it impossible to apprehend him, entrusted that service to one Angelo Rotoli, a very active commissary of police. This man, seeing that the assassin was not to be openly subdued, had recourse to stratagem, and sent him a message, stating that a commissary of police desired to speak with him, and bade him fix upon a place fit for the purpose, whither he would repair alone and unarmed, hoping that Spatolino, bearing no base mind, would offer him no violence; he trusted entirely to him, and added that the conference would relate to very important affairs. Spatolino credited all that was alleged in Rotoli's message, and in his reply, named a place to which the commissary was to repair by night to confer with him. Accordingly, Rotoli went thither, unarmed and alone; he found Spatolino armed, who said, "Signor Rotoli, are you come to betray me, or is it true, as you have written to me, that you

have important business to communicate?" Rotoli answered, "I am no traitor: the French government wishes by means of thee to seize all thy band, and will give thee a general pardon, and thou mayest live upon the money thou hast amassed." Spatolino was, indeed, weary of the life he was leading, and would have been very glad of a pardon; he therefore said, "Look you, Signor Rotoli, I am an assassin, but I have a sense of honour, and I give you my word that I will enable you to apprehend a part of the men, if not the whole; but I will be assured of my personal safety." Rotoli answered, "On that point thou mayest be quite certain; I give thee my word of honour."—"Well, then," said Spatolino, "this evening, at eight, come to this place again with twenty gens-d'armes, in the garb of peasants; here you shall find me, and we will go to a house, and we will take seven or eight of them; this is all I can do. In that house there will be my wife, who must be free as well as myself." Rotoli gave him his word for it, and said, "As for yourselves, be under no concern, I will take care of you." They had much further talk, in the course of which, Spatolino promised Rotoli a present of two thousand dollars on obtaining his freedom, adding, that he had great sums of money buried in secret places. After a long conversation they parted.

Rotoli returned to Rome, and gave an exact account of his proceedings. In the evening he and the gens-d'armes went to the place appointed by Spatolino, who in a short time came; and having hailed Rotoli, said, "Come, let us be going; they are now at supper." Accordingly Rotoli went arm in arm with Spatolino, closely followed by the gens-d'armes. "Recollect," said Spatolino to Rotoli, "I trust myself to you; don't deceive me, for it really seems to me impossible that the French government can be willing to pardon me." Rotoli answered, "Don't doubt it; I am guarantee for thy life." Having by this time reached the house, Spatolino whistled; the door was instantly opened; Spatolino entered first, and then all the gens-d'armes. Spatolino's comrades believed the strangers to be other comrades, and for that reason kept their seats. The gens-d'armes, as soon as they had posted themselves conveniently, seized all at once; four of them fell on Spatolino, disarmed him, and bound him like the others. Then said Spatolino, "Signor Rotoli, you have betrayed me." Rotoli replied, not without agitation, "It is a mere matter of form; to-morrow thou wilt be set at liberty." Then Spatolino exclaimed, "Eighteen

years have I been an assassin, and never was overreached by any man; who would have thought that this was reserved for Rotoli! Well, I must have patience; I have been too honest; I thought a man's word of honour was good for something; I deserve what I have got; I wished to betray my companions; I have betrayed myself." When he saw that his wife also was bound, and must be carried to prison, he exclaimed, "My wife! she is innocent! Doubt not, my wife, I will save thee; thou shalt not die; I will be thy defender."

The gens-d'armes having now secured all the men, conducted the whole party that night to the dungeons of the Strada Giulia in Rome with all possible secrecy. The Commission instituted a process, and after a lapse of five months, having collected four hundred witnesses to prove his various assassinations, the trial of Spatolino commenced. He was brought up, with his eight companions and his wife. Rising from his seat at the bar, the first words he said were, "Signor President, I know well enough that it is all over with me; I chose to trust Signor Rotoli on his word of honour; that's enough, and there is no remedy; I have been too honest, and must endure the consequence. I will myself undertake to inform you of all my crimes, and of every particular connected with them. One favour I have to ask of you, which is, an hour's talk with my wife ere I die." The President promised that he should have leave before his execution to speak with his wife as long as he pleased. Spatolino added, "This surely will not be such a promise as that of Signor Rotoli, who assured me I should be pardoned, and now takes my life away." All this he said with a very cheerful air. "Doubt not," replied the President, "I promise thee." "Well," rejoined he, "we shall see what comes of this promise!" He then added, "Signor President, we are ten of us brought to trial, but of these ten all do not deserve to die; I will enable you to tell which is innocent and which is guilty." "Be assured, Spatolino," answered the President, "we shall judge them according to their merits." The trial commenced; and as each witness was called to give testimony against the assassin, Spatolino would rise from his seat, and say, "Excuse me; you do not remember rightly; I committed that assassination in such and such a manner;" thus explaining the minutest circumstances of every successive crime, without caring whether he aggravated his guilt, his sole aim being to involve in his own fate four of his companions, while he saved the lives of his wife

and of four other comrades. He represented that his wife had always acted under his authority, and had been threatened with death in case of disobedience. The four comrades last mentioned he always exculpated, and with such effect as to save their lives, constantly asserting that he had compelled them to become assassins much against their will. All who heard him were diverted; he kept the whole audience in continual mirth; and occasionally, on hearing a laugh, he would turn round and say, "Gentlemen, you laugh now; but three or four days hence you will not laugh, when you see Spatolino with four bullets in his breast." Turning to the spectators as usual, on one of these occasions, he noticed one of the *gens-d'armes*, who were stationed around him as guards, and recognised him to have been formerly an assassin along with himself. After eyeing him a considerable time, to be sure that he was not mistaken, he turned to the President and said, "Signor, I could never have believed that the French government would admit such men as this among the *gens-d'armes*." "How! what is it you say?" asked the President. "I am quite sure that this *gens-d'arme*, who stands on guard behind me, served with me for four years as an assassin; we committed such and such crimes; we assassinated such and such gentlemen; and that the truth of what I say may be proved, call that witness there, for his servant was killed, and he will recognise the man." The witness pointed out by Spatolino was accordingly called; the *gens-d'arme* was confronted with him, and was recognised to have been the man who killed this gentleman's servant. Even without such testimony, the manifest confusion of face which the *gens-d'arme* showed when Spatolino had begun to view him, would have made any one suspect that he was guilty. The President ordered him to be instantly disarmed, and so be placed as a culprit on the same seat with Spatolino. "All in very good time," said the latter: "here at my side thou art at thy proper post; we have been assassins together, and we shall go to execution together, merrily enough." The *gens-d'arme* had not a word to say; he hung down his head, and had not even strength to walk to his dungeon. The trial lasted eight days, and I think it impossible that there should ever be such another assassin, with presence of mind to recollect thousands of crimes, and to recount them with all imaginable coolness, making his own comments, and manifesting disappointment when his remarks on any particular individual failed of their intended effect. For

instance, when the post-master of Civit  Castellana was called to give evidence, Spatolino rose from his seat and said, "Signor President, thrice with my own hand have I wounded this worthy gentleman; on the last occasion I shot him in the left arm, and he lost the use of it; I shall die bitterly regretting that I did not kill him, for the post-master of Civit  Castellana has always been the greatest enemy that I have had in life, or that I shall have in death."

After this trial of eight days, the Commission passed sentence of death on Spatolino, on four of his comrades, and on the *gens-d'arme*; the wife was condemned to four years' imprisonment; and of the other four assassins whom Spatolino wished to save from death, two were sentenced to ten, and two to twenty years' captivity in irons. When the trial was over Spatolino said, "Signor President, remember the promise you made me, that I should speak with my wife." "Doubt it not, Spatolino; I have promised thee, and I shall be as good as my word." Accordingly, the wife was allowed an interview of an hour and a half with Spatolino, in the strong room of the prison. His purpose was to tell her the amount of his treasures, and reveal to her the places where he had buried them. After this conference, he caused himself to be shut up in the strong room, saying, he wished to be molested no more by any person until the moment when he was to be removed to the Mouth of Truth (*Bocca della Verit *), the place where assassins are shot, to undergo his sentence. He would neither listen to nor speak with a priest; and declared that the first who transgressed his order, by coming into the strong room, should be massacred. At this every body laughed; but Spatolino was serious, for, in a few minutes, he pulled up all the bricks from the floor of the strong room, and piled them in a heap against the door, resolving that when any one ventured to transgress his prohibition, that moment should be his last. It is to be understood, that in Rome the prisoners confined in the strong room (*segreta*) are not bound; they can walk about the room as they like, so that Spatolino had scope for action. The gaolers attempting to enter, he struck one of them such a blow that they durst not venture in. They tried from without to persuade him. He said, "It is useless; I must die at ten o'clock to-morrow; come for me at nine, and I shall be ready. I will not be tormented by priests or chaplains." Some priests went to the door of the strong room to ask if he had confessed himself. "I shall confess myself," answered Spatolino, "as soon as

you have brought me the postmaster of Civitá Castellana, and Signor Rotoli, who betrayed me, that I may kill them both, and instantly go to confession."—They importuned him a good deal, but he would give no further answer to any one.

In the morning, on being informed that it was nine o'clock, he said, "Very well; I am ready." The gaolers were unwilling to enter the room; but he said, "Come in; I shall do you no harm." They accordingly bound Spatolino, and led him to execution. On the way, some priests wished to speak to him; but he said, "Don't tease me; let me amuse myself for the last time, by viewing the many fair ladies of Rome, who are looking at me from their windows;" and he walked gaily along, bowing to the girls at the windows, and rebuking his comrades for giving heed to the priests. On arriving at the fatal place, however, he shook hands with his fellow culprits, and said, "We have made so many people suffer, that it is only fair we should suffer in our turn; therefore, let us die contented; we have committed our share of crimes." Then turning to the people, he added, "Remember, Spatolino dies regretting that he has not been able to revenge himself on the postmaster of Civitá Castellana, and that traitor of a commissary, Angelo Rotoli, who, with all his pretended good faith, has been the death of me." Then, bidding the soldiers fire, he said, "give me, I pray you, four good bullets in my breast;" and without allowing his eyes to be bandaged, he fell and expired. In Rome, his adventures were dramatised, and became very popular.

London Magazine.

HONNEUR AUX BRAVES.

The Emperor Napoleon and his suite were riding slowly towards Ealing, when they encountered a numerous body of captive Austrians, most of whom were wounded—many severely. Napoleon and his Staff immediately turned out of the road, and as the prisoners filed past, the Emperor, uncovering himself with respectful solemnity, repeated in noble and touching accents, "Honour to the brave! Honour to the brave who bleed for their country!"—*Manuscript Memoirs of a French Officer.*

Honour unto the Brave,
Honour to those who fall
Where Freedom's banners wave,
Where glory's trumpet call:
The laurel that alone
Should shade a hero's grave.
Will bloom when we are gone—
Then "Honour to the Brave!"
Honour unto the Brave,
Honour to those who bleed
Their native land to save,—
Oh! theirs is fame indeed.

Who that could perish so
Would live to be a slave?
Can brave men crouch so low?
No!—Honour to the Brave!

Honour unto the Brave,
Who bore their banner high,
Above the stormy wave,
Beneath the stormy sky:
They sleep the hero's sleep
In many an ocean cave,
But their fame is on the deep—
Then "Honour to the Brave!"

Honour unto the Brave,
Where'er they draw the sword;
Honour to those who crave
But fame as their reward;
In camp, in regal hall,
On mountain, or in cave,
At beauty's festival,
Still "Honour to the Brave!"

BERNARD WYCLIFFE.

Oriental Herald.

EPITHAM.

FROM PAKKHARIUS.

Kind Asper will do anything you choose—
But lend his ass,—and that you must excuse;
His time and toil he freely will expend
On your behalf—his ass he'll never lend.
He'd fetch and carry at your call or beck,—
But would not lend his ass to save your neck:
None in self-knowledge Asper can surpass,
Who justly rules himself below an ass!

Asiatic Journal.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GARRICK.

Of David Garrick I must be permitted to indulge the remembrance. I am, perhaps, one of the few now living who have had the happiness of seeing him on what may be justly called the theatre of his glory, the stage of Drury-lane. At an early period of life it was my good fortune to pass a winter in London, and that happened to be the last season of his appearance. He performed regularly twice a-week; and I very rarely missed an opportunity of being present. It was, indeed, a work of no small difficulty to one who preferred sitting in the pit, for the purpose of seeing him to greater advantage, for I was obliged to go long before the doors were opened, and to encounter a scene of confusion and jostling, in which many suffered severely, though youth and strength like mine found nothing serious in the obstacles to be overcome. The difficulties, however,—and had they been ten times greater, the result would have been the same in my estimation,—were overpaid by the appearance of Roscius, and the wonder-working power of his inimitable performance.

When a student in the University of

Dublin, I had frequent opportunity of seeing almost all the great performers of that day—Roscius alone excepted—Barry, Sheridan, Mossop, &c.; and to say the truth, they appeared to me to carry their various excellencies to the highest degree of theatrical excellence. The first of these derived great advantage from a beautiful countenance and fine person; and there were in consequence a few parts in which he has never been surpassed. I had even ventured to spout myself, that is, to recite parts of tragedy with what I then thought the necessary graces of theatrical strut, measured cadence, and vociferous ranting. The fame of Mr. Garrick naturally excited a great curiosity to see his performance, in order that I might employ my own judgment in ascertaining how far he was justly entitled to pre-eminence in an art which I had seen exercised with what I thought consummate ability. I had heard, indeed, that he was a closer copier of Nature in his representation both of comic and tragic parts, but not perceiving anything unnatural in the representation of heroic dignity, as exemplified in the performance of the great actors I had seen, and being quite satisfied with the skill of those who excelled in the comic line, I could not clearly conceive in what Mr. Garrick's superior delineations of natural action could consist. This, of course, increased my impatience to behold the man who was universally allowed to have reached the highest attainable perfection of his art.

The play-bill in which I first saw his name announced as an actor, was for the tragedy of Zara, the part of Lusignan by Mr. Garrick. There was something of disappointment in this, for the old King does not appear till the third act, has little to do, and that little, as it seemed to me, of too trifling a nature to give scope to any display of great or peculiar powers. The three principal parts were well sustained, particularly that of Zara, by Miss Younge (afterwards Mrs. Pope), whose only want was that of beauty. Though probably there were not many, who, like myself, had never seen Mr. Garrick, yet the general impatience for the third act seemed equal to my own; there was a good deal of noise in the house, and few appeared to be very attentive. At length a general buzz proclaimed his approach, and all was hushed when he entered—a pin might have been heard to fall. The power with which he rivetted the auditors, of whom, while the scene lasted, every eye was fixed on him alone, was, you may be sure, peculiarly felt by me, a native of another country, and one who, until a few days before, had never flattered himself

with a hope of seeing Mr. Garrick. In truth, many minutes had not elapsed after he began to speak, before I became aware, not only that I had seen nothing like him, but that I had formed an erroneous judgment of what acting ought to be; that, in short, the general usage of the theatre had framed a plan for itself, and that Nature, as exhibited by this her favourite disciple, had laid down another. Every word, look, gesture, and movement, in none of which was the smallest show of the artificial, were so exactly suited to the character, that the idea of a part acted was out of the question—it was not Garrick acting Lusignan, it was Lusignan himself—by a kind of magic like that of Heliosborbo, the old king was conjured from his grave, and exhibited to the spectators *in propria persona*, as just liberated from the long confinement of his dungeon—first unable to distinguish objects in the light, after such a length of gloomy incarceration, and afterwards gradually recovering the power of vision. Garrick was completely excluded from my mind, and my feelings were wholly engrossed by the affecting situation and pathetic language of the old and venerable object before me. Another striking peculiarity, applicable also to every part he played, and which belonged but very partially to any other actor I ever saw, was that exquisite art of elocution which compelled you to believe that what he spoke was not a learned lesson, but suggested by the exigency of the moment, and the immediate dictate of his own mind. You could not prevail upon yourself to think that it was an actor repeating words he had got by heart, and endeavouring to suit the action to the speech, which is the usual idea of dramatic deception, and under which, while you applaud the performance, the idea and name of the actor are always present to your mind,—no, in the inimitable Roscius you forgot the representation, and thought only of the thing represented. It was not Garrick, but Lusignan, Richard, and Lear, that were before your eyes, nor was it until the exhibition was at an end that you had leisure to reflect upon the magic illusion by which he was enabled to represent them so faithfully to your view.

In comedy he shone with at least equal lustre, and it is one of the most inconceivable things in the world, how one man should have been able to exhibit such an amazing contrast and variety of powers as fell within the range of his performances, in most of which he had nothing like a rival, and in none of which he was surpassed. The same set of features which, in the animating or pathetic scenes of a tragic part, could thrill the very soul,

exalt it into admiration, or sink it in irresistible distress, were with equal art employed in the most delightful display of comic gaiety or laughable humour. The strictest adherence to propriety was always observed, the droll never descending to buffoonery, nor the lively into extravagance. In no single instance, I believe, was he ever known to transgress the rules so admirably delivered by his Hamlet, or to outstep the modesty of nature; a temptation, which, ever since his time, and under the force of his example, few have been able wholly to resist. Wonderful, indeed, it is to think that the action, features, and demeanour which convulsed the spectator with laughter in the Lying Valet, in Scrub, or in Abel Drugger, should be capable of so great a metamorphosis as was exhibited in the heart-rending distress of Lear, the tyrannic vivacity of Richard, or the terrifying remorse of Macbeth. Wonderful it is to think that something of the tragic cast of countenance should not occasionally appear in the low comedian, or something of the droll be exhibited in the hero. But alike true to nature in all the enchantment that riveted the temporary attention of the spectator, he never suffered it to wander into a thought of anything beyond the object presented to his view.

Blackwood's Magazine.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Wotton.*

EPITAPH

On a tomb-stone in the burying-ground of Church Cretlow, a village in Shropshire, on the road between Ludlow and Shrewsbury, is this epitaph:—

On a Thursday she was born,
On a Thursday made a bride,
On a Thursday put to bed,
On a Thursday broke her leg, and
On a Thursday died!

BENEDICT the Thirteenth had a dislike to certain of the clergy wearing wigs; in 1724 he issued a bull, imposing an imprisonment of ten days upon transgressors.

LOQUACITY.

MEX of great loquacity and moderate intellect are represented in an Arabian proverb as mills whose clatter we only hear without ever carrying away any flour. A proclamation was issued by Henry VIII, "that women should not meet together to babble and talk, and that all men should keep their wives in their houses."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Janet is requested to send to our office for a letter.

Lady Byron's Answer to her Lord's Farewell; The History of Horse-racing; Edgar; Everard Endless's Leaves from a Journal; J. F. P.—; C. P. N. W.; C. M. T.; The History of Music, and several other interesting articles, are intended for insertion in our next.

We shall endeavour to find a place early for the following—*Theodosia; Home; Curious; Tim Tartlet; S. G.; The Happy Girl; &c. &c.*

We thank a Periodical Reader for his good opinion, but we should be liable to the imputation of vanity if we printed his letter.

The following communications are marked for insertion as early as we can conveniently make room for them—*George Piercy; A short Historical Collection touching the Succession to the Crown; G. B. (whose Cromlech is not forgotten); J. W.; Aliquis; Antiquarius; Justus; Henry Morland; R. W. A.; R. W.; G. W. N.*

Viogian's Critical Letter, though good, does not exactly come within the range of our plan. By the bye he is sadly misinformed as to the sale of a much-puffed though obscure periodical.

The Drawing sent by S. J. B. is in hand.

We are obliged to our old Correspondent A. B. C.—Has he verified the correctness of the extract he gives on the faith of the E. M. ? If this is ascertained, we shall insert his excellent letter.

A Correspondent, in answer to an inquiry from *Cicis*, begs us to state, that "Mr. Hurcombe, of St. Paul's Church-yard, has a copy of Dr. Casse's 'Angelical Guide.'"

We thank our Reading friend for his Autographs; they shall appear, and his inquiries be promptly answered.—Original autographs of eminent persons, if sent us, will be carefully returned.

We cannot interfere in affairs so important as that of *Matilda* and the whiskers of her lover.

We thank our Correspondent for the drawing of Ludlow Castle, which we shall insert.

Mr. Gompertz's Poem of Devon may be all that his admirer thinks it, but he will see, by a contemporary of last Saturday, that critics disagree on that point. At all events the extracts sent are much—very much too long for us.

The following are under consideration—*J. P.; Julia S.; S. J.; J. N. B.; Jean; J. P.; W. Jones; Sleepy; M. L.; Lohmr, jun.; Florio.*

In order to facilitate the despatch of business in our court of judicature, we have a plan in contemplation. It is not, however to create a Vice Chancellor, whose decisions may be reversed nine times out of ten. We shall establish a Court of Claims, where all cases will be at once registered, and such as are not, from some informality registered in the outset, will be referred to a superior tribunal, which we hope, in the language of Magna Charta, will not delay nor deny justice to any applicant.—To drop all metaphor, we are making arrangements for a more speedy decision on all communications sent for the Mirror, which we can assure our readers will be as great a relief to us as it will be to them.

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